



Jolly Monologues

by

Mary Moncure Parker

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JOLLY MONOLOGUES



Happily Yours
Mary Muncure Parker

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

BY
MARY MONCURE PARKER

AUTHOR OF

*"Merry Monologues," "The Back Seat Driver,"
"The Mother They Forgot," "The Gun
and the Gospel," etc.*



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BY
MARY MONCURE PARKER.

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THE CURTAIN RISES



HAT all the world is but a stage
We have heard from lips of sage.
May the jolly actors here
Bring much happiness and cheer,
Matron, geisha girl and maid,
Mammy of the dusky shade,
Lunch counter waitress, Peddler Pete,
Mary dear and baby sweet,
Movie fans, society bore,
These shadow folk and many more,
Greet you from these printed pages.
Look not for wisdom of the sages,
Their mission is only to beguile
And bring to lips and heart a smile.

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AT THE BRIDGE PARTY

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. PUSHER, *who always manages to crowd in.*

MRS. RUSHER, *with the darling dog that almost talks.*

MISS VOGUE, *of the type known as bridge fiend.*

MRS. TOP-NOTCH, *who never misses anything.*

SCENE—*A fashionable home on the Avenue during a bridge scramble.*

MRS. TOP-NOTCH, *proceeds to effervesce.*

Good gracious, what a crowd! That's one thing that will bring the women out—a bridge party. There's Mrs. Simpson. Heavens, I hope I won't have to play with her. She bores me to death and she can't play a little bit! Mildred. Look at the Jones woman. I do wish that she would get a new gown. That has been made over four times to my certain knowledge. Here comes Mrs. ~~Pusher~~. Of course she would try to crowd in with us. It is fate! Oh, how-do-you-do, Mrs. Pusher! I'm so glad to see you. Oh, Mil-

Smith

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dred, there's Miss Vogue. If they put her at our table, I shall simply pass away. Are you going to play at our table, Mrs. Pusher? How lovely! This is Mrs. Rusher. You know Mildred, don't you? Oh, Miss Vogue, how are you? You play with us? How simply fine! You know these ladies, I believe. Hush, they are going to begin. Let us hear the rules. Something new and awkward, I suppose. They say we are to stay at the same table all afternoon and pivot. (*To MILDRED.*) Isn't that a mess? (*To the OTHERS.*) Very charming, yes, when one has such delightful companions. It is your deal, Miss Vogue. Cut? Yes. I didn't think I could come today. I've been changing maids and one cannot positively trust a new maid now-a-days. My last one simply stole right and left—silk stockings, camisoles, table linen—it certainly was a fright.

How did that little Jap of yours turn out, Mrs. Pusher? You had to turn *him* out? Quite a joke! Isn't she witty, girls? Yes, you are; you know you always say such clever things. Hearts? Oh, dear, I might have—I wonder what my partner has—if one could only know, the game

AT THE BRIDGE PARTY

would be so easy, wouldn't it? I'll say Clubs. Oh! Clubs is less than Hearts? Well, I wish I dared say two Clubs. I might make it Spades—er—no—I will pass. Wait! My partner might make it No Trumps when it comes around to her again, and I could help her—no—I think I will pass. Oh, my partner says "No Trumps." That is splendid. I'm glad you have to play it, partner. What did you say, Miss Vogue? I gave her an idea of my hand? Why, Miss Vogue, I certainly did not. I am always so careful about that. My hand goes down, does it not? Do pardon that scratch on my finger, my blessed baby did that. He is such a beautiful darling though and has the most wonderful eyes. The only trouble is one has to be so careful about his diet and about drafts. His little bed is right near mine. What, Miss Vogue? You did not know I had a baby? Merciful Heavens! I have not. I was speaking of Beauty, my Persian cat. Oh, Partner—why—shall I hand you the Queen? I guess you forgot the King has been played. What did you say, Mrs. Pusher? I must not assist. Well, I saw she had forgotten and it seemed a shame. We made it, Mildred

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—a small slam. Isn't that simply great? Is it my deal? Oh, not yet! Well, really I'm glad; it's an awful bore to be dealer. Have you seen my new car, Girls? It is really the classiest thing! All gray. And I have a new gray suit just the color of the upholstery. It's perfectly ducky. Around to me? I might make it Spades—or—Di—or—well, I'll pass. I am so glad you said Diamonds, partner. Oh, did they get it on three Spades? I won't over-bid that. Now, partner, if you lead right, maybe we can set them. You remember your bid—that's it! Oh, they trumped right away! Mercy! I guess I was thinking of the party at the Lake Shore Club House last night. They have fitted the place up all new in purple and black and gray. Very up to date and very ultra. What did I do? Trumped your Ace? I am so sorry. Do pardon me! May I take that back? Oh, board is a play? I cannot see the use of being so strict at a party amongst friends this way; but then, very well! You are such a—fiend—I mean you are such a wonderful bridge player, Miss Vogue, that one has to watch the points. You must come to lunch with me at the club, Mildred, it is

AT THE BRIDGE PARTY

so attractive. What is Trumps, anyway? It slipped my mind. I think I must have the spring fever. Oh, well, I looked over the prizes and they really are a mess. This donated stuff is never worth the house room; but I really am extremely fond of bridge and when we play for charity I feel that I am doing so much good for the poor unfortunates. One ought to give up a little time to philanthropy, I am sure, and then bridge is so good for the mind and does help one to concentrate, don't you think? How is that darling Boston terrier of yours, Mrs. Pusher? He is the cutest thing. I never saw or heard anything like it. He almost talks.

Oh, is it my deal? What, we haven't finished this hand? Well, do tell me what is Trumps?

A FREE LUNCH

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. SPONGE, *who just samples everything.*

HER SISTER, *a close second.*

HER AUNT, *toothless but still in the ring.*

SEVERAL LONG-SUFFERING CLERKS, *who are wise to the family.*

SCENE—*The grocery department of a large city store.*

MRS. SPONGE, *talks between bites.*

My, how nice this soup is! (*Tastes sample.*) I mean Booyon. What is it? Beef? Your samples are quite small; you can't really tell how good it is. My sister and aunt here would like some, too. Yes, thank you! They don't keep house but they are thinking of it. I wonder if I could have a little more soup—er—oh, thank you! What, buy some? Well, not today; but I'll probably come in tomorrow or maybe the last of the week and get a whole case. Come on, sister, and Aunt Jane! What did that girl say? "Bunk"? Did you say that to me, sales-girl? I'll report you. Oh, you were just

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calling the floor boy? His name is Bunker? Well, that's different; but don't you get fresh with me. Come on, folks, here are some samples of fish. Don't they look appetizing. What kind? I'll take some of that salmon. With sauce? Of course. (*To SISTER.*) Let's take everything that's coming. If we don't I just know these clerks eat it up themselves. Don't you give crackers, too? Oh, so much obliged—er—my sister and Aunt would like some, too. No, they don't live with me. They are future customers, though. Isn't that good, Aunt? I'll eat your crackers, because you haven't your teeth in today. This is so good. I wonder if I could have a little more, young lady? Buy some? Well, not today. Perhaps next week, although no one in the family eats salmon but me, and I wouldn't be selfish enough to buy much of it for myself alone. We ordered salmon at the restaurant last Thursday—no—it was Saturday—no, I guess it was Thursday, after all, and it made Horace sick. Kind of poisoned him and he broke all out.

What's that, sales girl? I don't seem afraid of it? No, I have a very strong stomach; nothing makes me ill. Would

A FREE LUNCH

my folks here like to buy some? Oh, they don't live in the city. What's that? They must have to eat wherever they live? Yes, certainly, but they don't keep house. But they very probably will some time soon. Mercy, we must hurry!

Oh, here are some samples of cold meat. How perfectly lovely! Not very big samples, are they? Why, I like that pressed chicken. What will you have, Aunt? That's queer. I heard that last girl call out, "Sponges on the first floor"—the idea of anyone asking for sponges in this department. Some people are so absurd! They never know where to find anything.

No, we won't give an order today. My, let's rush on! It's late! What's that, Aunt? Here are some rabbits in cans? Why, sure enough! Isn't that great. They can anything nowadays. Oh, I see! That's molasses. Molasses, Aunt! Molasses. M-o-l-a-s-s-e-s. Molasses. Aunt doesn't hear very well. No, the rabbits are not canned, Aunt, in molasses. It's just plain molasses. I believe she gets worse every day. You don't give samples of that molasses, do you? Well, let's go on. Oh, we must not pass by this fancy gelatine, with whipped cream, too. Yes, we'll take the

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cream. Could you spare just a bit more for Aunt. Aunt likes it so much and her gums are tender. It slips down so easily.

Why, here's cake, too! We almost passed that by. What did you say? Won't we try the sponge cake? No, we prefer that layer fig. My, how nice! But really the pieces are hardly big enough. You get just a taste. I'll eat yours, Aunt. I don't believe cake is very good for your stomach. No, I won't order any today, thank you. My sister? No, she doesn't keep house. Well, I don't either, but I may next year. Come on, folks.

What did you say, girl? There are some free samples of washing powder and soap around the corner?

Young lady, do you mean to insinuate that we are trying to get things free? No, you just thought we might like to know how good they are. Well, we know good things when we see them! You meant no offense? Oh, all right! Good-bye!

Say, sister, we won't go to lunch just now. I feel filled up, don't you? And it didn't cost us a cent!

YOU HAVE THE SAME OLD SMILE

8 8 8

The old farm's changed sence the good old
days,

I can't keep up with new fangled ways.

Big noisy machines they're usin' now
Instead of old Dobbin an' the plow.

Lazy hens won't set no more;
Them inkerbaters has spoiled 'em sure.

Gone are the jolly huskin' bees;
Maria, you wuz an awful tease.

I had to chase yuh for a kiss,
But them red ears I didn't miss.

No more sleigh rides tucked in hay,
Nor jolly barn dances—"right—left—
sashay."

We're back numbers, the horses and us,
Might as well set back—not make no fuss.

Some things ain't changed—the flowers
and Spring,
The bright leaves of Autumn—the birds
on the wing.

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And Maria, old gal, sence we set on the
stile
In the days that we courted you've got the
same smile.

Through sorrows and trials and heartaches
and tears
And all the big changes that's come with
the years.

Though your dear face is wrinkled—your
eyes gettin' dim,
And your waist is much bigger (you uster
be slim)

You've trotted in harness, by me, mile by
mile,
And gol durn! Maria, you've got the same
smile.

SIGNS OF SPRING

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

AN ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDER, *with a vivid imagination.*

JOCKO, THE MONK, *for whom life is one weary fox-trot.*

THE LADY, *a substantial sympathizer.*

VARIOUS STREET CROWDS, *that bestow easy going pennies.*

SCENE—*The city streets.*

THE ORGAN GRINDER, *with a few bars of dialect.*

Jocko! Jocko! Danza—me playa de moosic—de jazz tune. Jocko! Danza for de leetle keeds. He no hurt you, baba. Come, Jocko! De one-a step—so—la-la-la. Now de fox-a-trot. One neekle. Ver' mucha 'blige. See, baba, Jocko lif' he leetle cap. No more tune? Jussa one? Jussa one? You reech ladee, I needa de mon! Come, it ees de spring time. De bird sing. De sun shine. De moosic of de hand organ play de happa tune. Yet I so sad in my heart, ladee, do my mout' she smile for de spring. Ef you knew, kinda ladee, poor Jocko he hava de sad histree. My broth-

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aire was killed in de war. (*Weeps.*) Why I not go? I had a de weak heart and de lame shouldaire. My brothaire fight and fight and kill de othaire bad soljaire. He so brave, my brothaire. He crawl far out under de barb-bed wire and crawl in de dark night. De shell burst—de sky blaze—de guns roar. (*Speaks very dramatically.*) My brothaire go on and on. De enemy is coming over de bridge. He blow up de bridge. He crawl back wiz de one arm gone. Dey pin one medaille on heem but he die. He say, “My brothaire in Amerique tell a heem I die for my countree. Send heem Jocko my leetle mascot. My brothaire he not strong and can no fight. Jocko bring heem de gooda luck.” So you see, kind peeple, why I sad and Jocko, too, for my brothaire kill in de armee; but we must laugh and danza—danza, my Jocko, to de tune of Italee—my fair land of Italee. Oh, mucha oblig—so much monee. Peek it up, my Jocko, it come fast. A quart’—a ha’f dol’—a dol’—two dol’—my brothaire he say right, Jocko! You my mascot. Gooda by—gooda by—much ’blige. On my shouldaire, Jocko. Gooda by, leetle keed. Gooda by, baba. Take off your cap, Jocko. Bow nice.

SIGNS OF SPRING

(Speaks to Jocko.)

Ah, ha, my Jocko! I fool de peeples.
Dat storee day like. I will steek to it.
When I mak' of de storee of my brothaire
dat one fine idea. Day what you call tumble
down for dat storee. I will find an-
ozzer crowd, Jocko, my mascot! Oh, la-la!

MR. DANIEL AND THE LIONS

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MAMMY, *the ebony Troubadouress with a fund of stories.*

ANDREW JACKSON, *a story loving pickaninny.*

THE OTHER PICKANINNIES, *who am jes' a'listenin'.*

SCENE—*Mammy's cabin, after working hours, which may be any time.*

MAMMY, *grandly relates.*

Foah de Lawd's sake, you pickaninnies, can't I set down thout you come axin me fer stories? Go 'long an' let me take a nap in peace. I'se all wo' out wid wuk. Andrew Jackson, you am the wust beggah of all. Shet up or I'll bust you haid open. Wants to heah 'bout Jack the Giant Killah in de lion's den? What kin' of mux up stuff am dat? Dah ain't no use givin' you a eddication ef you can't membah nuthin'. Ain't it de trufe? Go 'long! Go 'long! Well, jes' one, den. Dat lion's den story? Now there's gwine to be some combustion ef you axes for mo'. Membah dat and take notice, you heah me? Onct on

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a time dah was a man name Mister Daniel. Mister Daniel was a very fine man an' awful 'ligious. You know when Miss Eve and Mister Adam was druv from de Garden of Eden nobody did much prayin'. Dey was skeered, too, and dey didn't have no time for prayin' nohow kase dey had to go wukin' by the sweat of dey brows. Mister Adam he was kind of lame kase he los' one rib to make Miss Eve outen of, and when she got mux up wid dat snake an' made Adam eat de apple, he said to hisself, "Twant wuf losin' dat rib, deed it want. I wisht I had it back an' dah want no Miss Eve atall. Apples gives me de undigestion anyways. An' now I got a Adam's apple stuck in my froat what I'se got to carry roun' the rest of my days."

Ev'y time he sees a apple tree he 'gins to tremble all ovah. Well, dis was some time after when Mister Daniel was bawn; I think probable Mister Adam was his grandpa. Now dis heah Mister Daniel was a awful prayin' pusson. He was so good he couldn't seem to git nuf prayers said nohow. So he said to hisself I'se gwine to pray evey day and evey night and he pray an' moan an' pray like he's

gittin' 'ligion all de time. Now dey was some folks wat lived in his town next do' to him what want 'ligious 'tall. Dey was shootin' craps and gamblin' and raisin' de debbil ginelly. "Dat man, Mister Daniel, certin do 'noys us prayin'," dey say. "We's gwine 'pote him to the police for 'sturbin' the peace." An' dat's what dem wicked folks done so the policemen done tuk Mister Daniel foah de king. What you say, Andrew Jackson? What am a king? Why dat am a president only he wears velvet robes all trimmed wid vermin an' don't do nuthin' but eat and set all day long. What you say—like our white hen? Go 'long! De king ain't like no hen. You certin is de ignoruntes chile I ever seen. De king say to Mister Daniel, "I dun give ordahs not for none of your folks to pray liken you all does." Mister Daniel he say, "Cain't hep dat, Mr. King, a prayin' man I is an' a prayin' man I'se gwine to continue till de bref leaves my body."

"Which am gwine to be in 'bout a minit," says de king, mad as a March hare. "Youse been 'sturbin' de peace an' 'noyin' my folks what's shootin' craps. Take dat man away and trow him to de lions." So

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dey drug Mister Daniel to war dem lionses was stayin'. Stop your shiverin', Andy Jackson, you makes me nervous. Then the lions roared an' growled but dey never offered to tech Mister Daniel. I 'spect he was a mighty thin, bony pusson and not very temptin' though course I does believe in de efficumvationess of prayah. Still I'se gwine give dem lions de benefit of havin' a little common sense, too, kase lionses is lionses even in de face of prayah. Well, Mister Daniel he kep' on prayin'. He sure was a persistentest pusson an' in de mawnin' de king see dat man was alive an' he certin was skeered to deaf. So he say to his sojers, de king did, "Let that man out; nuthin' caint stop him no way from prayin'; dem lionses ain't got no appetite for dat kin' of a man." Stop your shakin', Andy Jackson, you bettah take notice on dis heah Mister Daniel youself and say you prayahs, least wise evey night, and maybe de lionses won't eat you, ef you meet up wid any. You goes crawlin' into your bed many a time widdout no mannahts towa'd Heaven, what's purtected a black imp like you all day. Now go on, dat's all de stories I'se gwine tell you! Yes, dat's de las' of Mis-

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ter Daniel. He lived to be a old man I reckon aprayin' to his las' bref. I 'spect all de animals what's wild an' eats folks up done heard 'bout dat man. Seem like prayin' made him tuff an' undigestible. Anyhow I never heerd tell on nothin' ever hurtin' him and wid his las' bref he was aprayin'. Now go on, hear me? Clar out! Let me smoke mah pipe and do some cat nappin'. (*Laughs.*) I bet dat Andy Jackson will pray hissef to sleep tonight.

AT THE TELEPHONE

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. DOOLITTLE, *an adept at the 'phone.*

ESTELLE, *the friend at the other end of the wire who needs a gas mask.*

CENTRAL, *the girl invisible.*

VARIOUS CUT-INS, *who keep matters lively.*

SCENE—MRS. DOOLITTLE'S *boudoir.*

MRS. DOOLITTLE, *does "some" talking.*

Central, give me Lake View 24000. Yes, Lake View 24000. Hello! Is this you, Estelle? No, it's Bright Eyes, kiddo! Why, who are you? Central! Central! What number did you give me? I got hold of a very impudent man. Lincoln? I said *Lake View*. Can't you hear? I suppose you were out too late last night. You girls ought to be discharged if you can't give better service. Lake View 24000.

Hello! Is this you, Estelle? Central, don't you give me the busy signal. I know perfectly well that she isn't busy! I suppose you got mad and gave me the busy signal. I know my party is home. I am sure of it. Try again? Well, you had bet-

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ter. The number? I've told it to you four hundred times. Lake View 24000. It is very important that I get my party.

Hello! Is this you, Estelle? How are you, dearie? Say, did you see the morning paper? The Rokeby-Jones have separated. Yes, it's splotched all over the front page. She says cruelty and lack of support. Horrid! Isn't it? He claims she had a terrible temper. I guess it is six to one and half a dozen to the other. I felt wretchedly sorry about it; but thought maybe you hadn't seen the paper. Yes, Jessie knows and Kit and Mabel. Yes, I have just called them all up. Too bad! Those things are so shocking and ought to be kept quiet, if possible. Do you know what I heard? Now don't breathe this. I never gossip; but this is in the papers. Well, not this; but it will be probably. I heard—you know he was awfully attentive to that little widow out at the Gold Club last year and danced with her oodles of times and wouldn't even play golf, although he is such a fiend about the game, just because she wouldn't leave the porch and get in the sun. I know why, all right. If she did, it would crack the enamel on her face and melt the make-up, probably.

AT THE TELEPHONE

Men are such idiots! They never seem to see such artificiality. Now for mercy's sake don't say I said that. I don't want my name mixed up with it. I just detest gossip. This 'phone—Central! Central! You've shut me off. Glad something could shut me off? Say, who are you? Well, you're no gentleman! This is an unlimited 'phone and you can't butt in! Unlimited gab? I never heard such rudeness in my life. My husband would settle you. You bet he's talked to death and can't move? You get off this wire. Central! Central! These wires are crossed and you've cut me off from my party. Hello, Estelle! Oh, I've just had a fight with a regular brute. The wires were crossed. I've been changing maids again and so John has been getting his own breakfasts lately. I don't rise until ten. Have you been to the spring opening? You know I was furious the other day but I saw some darling little chiffon and satin gowns and when I went to try some on they said they had none my size and took me to the room where they have those awful "stouts" standing around like gowns filled with baled hay. Well, I laid that girl out cold. I told her she needn't insult me if I did

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happen to be plump. I wish you could have seen the skinny creature she was herself. I am very careful of my diet, too. All I had this morning was three rolls; two cups of coffee, some waffles, some ham and eggs, and a little fruit. Just a light breakfast.

Oh, say, dearie, I almost forgot to tell you! The Sherwoods have lost their money. Some sort of a slump in stocks. They were watered or something. I notice they do not have their machine any more. Horrid, isn't it? Too bad for them! Yes, the girls seemed to feel terribly about that, too, when I told them confidentially at the card party the other day.

Well, living is absolutely out of sight these days, any how. I always have a sick headache the morning the bills come in. And then John hasn't the heart to kick about expenses. Come over and see Mother, dearie, she is coming next week. I told John and he said he was so sorry that he had to go away on a little business trip. I knew he was going but not so soon. Never can tell when a man will change his mind. Mother will bring lots of news from my home town. She knows everything about everybody.

AT THE TELEPHONE

What's that, Estelle? Estelle! These wires are crossed again! "Time! Third round!" Who are you? What did you say? You are a throat specialist? I'm not tongue-tied? No, I'm not. I cannot see how you keep getting on the wire. Central! Central! What is the matter with the wire? Lake View 24000. Estelle? No? It's Mrs. Brown's maid? What! Mrs. Brown has fainted? She was ill last night? Oh, I am so sorry, poor Estelle! I'll be right over.

YOU'S MAH LIL' COAL BLACK BABY

8 8 8

You's mah lil' coal black baby
An' I'll hug you to mah breas';
Dis am de creepy, sleepy hour,
When de big worl' goes to res';
Don' you heah de insects hummin'
Jes' a sort of croonin' song,
An' dem ole frogs croakin' in de brook,
As de dream man comes along?

REFRAIN

Oh mah lil' coal black baby,
Go to sleep and don' you cry;
Big sun's comin' up again,
For day time bye and bye.
Dis is jes' de res' time
Fo' de baby's birds an' you.
Close yo' eyes mah pickaninny,
Mammy loves you, deed she do.

Oh, you wants a lil' story?
What—'bout that Mr. Owl
Who used to see in daylight,
Tell he fought dat Peacock Fowl?
Onct on a time dat proud Peacock
At de Owl 'gan to rail;

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Dey fit and fit 'til de Owl's eyes
Was in de Peacock's tail.

REFRAIN

Oh mah lil' coal black baby,
Be glad you's got yo' eyes,
So close 'em up as tight as wax
'Til de sun begins to rise.
Shut em close so dat ole Peacock
Can't get a peck at you,
Go to sleep mah pickaninny,
Mammy loves you, deed she do.

De Whipporwill is callin'
'Neath de yaller moon;
He say, "Hurry up, mah baby,
Sleep fer daylight's comin' soon."
Dat kinky head is droopin',
De ole dream man's got you, chile;
He done pinned a happy dream on you
Kase you got a lovin' smile.

REFRAIN

Oh, mah lil' coal black baby,
Sleep, sleep 'til mawnin' light,
Until de world wakes up again
An' the sun am shinin' bright.
Dah ain't no chile in all de earf
Dat's quite so sweet as you;
You is bad sometimes, but honey,
Mammy loves you, deed she do.

THE GHOST OF ANNIE FLANIGAN

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. MICKEY O'FLYNN, *who does not believe in "sceancys" and who is jealous of a ghost.*

MICKEY O'FLYNN, *longing for "peace at any price."*

THE GHOST OF ANNIE FLANIGAN, *whose virtues brightened after her earthly flight.*

SCENE—*The kitchen of the O'Flynn cottage.*

MRS. MICKEY O'FLYNN, *with a bit of advice to her better half.*

Git out of here, Mickey O'Flynn. Shure I'm sick and tired to death of lookin' at the sight of ye. No—ye don't nayther—come back! Sit right down here. Shure I clane forgot ye had a quarter and ye'll be spendin' it down to Hennessey's on the pool, an' me a poor, hard-workin' craythur, a scrubbin' and grubbin' all the day and half the night and ye out of a job most of the toime, and there's our

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

sivin childer—none of 'em old enough ex-
ciptin it be Patsy, to airn a rid cint.

Hivin help me that I ever saw the ugly
mug of ye and no wonder your first wife
died. Jist lookin' at ye was enough to
croak the puir soul. Night after night
ye're spendin' in Hennessey's. No wan-
der his wife is buyin' white shoes and
wearin' thim latest crazy sthyles, loike a
girl of sixteen. Bad cess to her! What?
Ye was playin' pool? Playin' fool, ye
mane. Thot's a nice sinsible thing for a
grown mon—pokin' thim balls around
loike a kid of foive. Ye're too wake to
carry a hod but shure ye always seem to
have stringth enough to walk all day
around them fool pool tables, and about
half the night. Oh, ye want there last
night? Wint to see—Ancy? What air ye
sayin'? Who is she? Jist let me lay
hands on her. Oh, a seeancy—a place
where spirits come back. Ghosts? God
hilp us and do ye want to bring bad luck
to the wife and childer of yere bosom?

Ye better kape away from sich avil
doins. The divil will git ye soon enough,
Mickey O'Flynn. Oh, 'twas Mike Hooli-
han took ye to see the ghost come back!
Ain't it a fine way to be spendin' the ave-

THE GHOST OF ANNIE FLANIGAN

nin? They has tables and the ghosts rap and talk to ye? Now the saints presarve us! Sich wild doins! I never heard tell of the loike. What are ye sayin', Mickey O'Flynn? Ye heard the spirit of your first wife talkin'. Is that so? Ain't ye satisfied with me that ye's be disturbin' the dead in their graves? She told ye that I was hard on ye? Oh, she did, did she? Well, I'll go to the seeancy and tell her to mind her own business and not come buttin' into me affairs. Oh, ye tould her ye remembered how kind and soft spoken she used to be and that she let you go out ivery night and always met ye with a smile? Ye did, did ye? Talked agin me to that red-haired, freckled-faced ghost of an Annie Flanigan that used to be! She that nivir had a beau but ye and me wid plinty jist for sayin' the word! (*Cries.*) Oh, Wirra! Wirra! That I should live to see the day when me husband should be abusin' me to the loikes of a red-haired ghost and me raisin' her two childer that nivir had no raisin' until I whaled the life out of the imps. I'll not stand your seeancys and the insults of the ghost of that Annie Flanigan. Thank Hivin I have me sthrong right arm! Take that Mickey

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O'Flynn (*strikes him*) and that, and there's the rollin' pin for good measure. The Saints hilp me! I've kilt him! Oh, Mickey, Mickey me darlin' git up! Open your eyes me Mickey! Here's wather! Ye won't drink? Oh, here's a drop of spirits I took from your pocket last av'nin'. There! Spake to me! Oh, me darlin' I'll niver git angry wid ye agin! Don't go to no more of them seeancys. That Annie Flanigan has designs on ye. She ought to be ashamed and comin' back and worritin' the loikes of the big, noble, kind heart of me Mickey. I'll do anythink ye want only just spake to me.

Ye feel better? Thank Hivin! Ye want to go out for a bit of frish air? Shure darlin' go along. Kin ye walk? That's it. Take the air for awhile (*wipes her eyes on her apron*). Ain't he the grand mon? Shure if I'd kilt him that Annie Flanigan was only waitin' to nab him in the next world.

Oh, good marnin' Mrs. Murphy! What's the matter wid me? Nothin'. I have a bit of a cold. Ye want to borry a cup of sugar? Shure come right in. How's Mickey? Foine. Will yis he's out of a job just now, but he has the wake heart

THE GHOST OF ANNIE FLANIGAN

ye know and can't be workin' too long at a time. Pwhat's that? Ye saw him goin' into Hennessey's? Pwhat? This minute. The ould goat! He was jist makin' belave he was near kilt. Wait till I git him home! Bad cess to him!

THE CLUB LUNCHEON

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. GABBY GUSHER, *so difficult to please.*

THE WAITER, *a mere disgusted male.*

OTHER CLUB MEMBERS, *who would talk if they had a chance.*

SCENE—*The dining room of a large fashionable hotel during a special club luncheon hour.*

MRS. GABBY GUSHER, *gushes.*

My, what a mob! Everybody I ever knew seems to be here at this luncheon. I want a ticket, please. What? No seats! That's an outrage. I belong to this club and I'll resign tomorrow. The idea that one cannot come to one's own club luncheon! What is it you are saying? I should have notified the Chairman two days ago at least? Well I just couldn't. I was too busy. The notices were printed that way? Oh, I never read those old notices! Here I gave up another engagement, dressed myself and came down town just to patronize my own club and I can't get a ticket. It's a disgrace! Oh,

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how do you do, Marie? I'm furious! I cannot get a seat here today. Well I'm going to the matinee. Who cares about the old club lunch anyway? Probably there won't be enough to eat to put in your eye, and a dollar and a half a plate!

What did you say, Marie? One of your guests has disappointed you? I can have her place. Well, I don't know. The price is rather steep for the amount of food they give one. Will I be your guest? Oh, my dear! That is fine! But really I ought not to, you know, because I owe you for one or two lunches. You insist? Oh, very well. That's darling of you. I have on my new gown and hat, anyhow, and it really would be too bad to go away without any one seeing—I mean—without seeing any one. There is such a crowd here today, too, to see one—I mean—for one to see.

How do you do? How do you do? Awfully pleased to meet you all! Eight at a table? Nice number, but a little crowded, though. One's gown gets so mussed. We're not very near the speaker's table, are we? Well, maybe that is an advantage. Some of them are terribly tiresome at times. My! What a buzzing! Women

THE CLUB LUNCHEON

certainly can talk, can't they? That music makes such a horrible noise I can hardly hear what you say. They're playing the overture of William Tell. Those musicians must want to drown us out, but I guess we can hold our end up on the clamor all right. Why don't they serve? They never do begin on time, do they? If I had the running of things I would see that everything began promptly. I do believe in system. I wonder who's the Chairman of this Luncheon Committee. She certainly doesn't know her business. Heavens! I'm starved absolutely. You like my new gown? Thank you! It's one of Gilbertine's. Yes, quite exclusive style. Gilbertine is noted for that. My hat? Oh, that is a Camille model. I rather like it myself—yes, thank you. Grapefruit—mine is not sweet enough. Waiter, some sugar, please. What, you only serve five at this table? The rest are the other waiter's? Such a system! I can't see why you can't serve all of the eight at once. Marie, who is this woman next to me? She certainly is an awfully careless eater. One ought to have on a raincoat, her grapefruit flies around so. Well, I don't suppose I'll get any sugar,

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so I'll just eat this sour. Thank goodness they didn't serve that woman a whole grapefruit or my make-up would be all off, Marie. Bouillon—mine's almost cold. I like it iced sometimes but not lukewarm. Waiter, spoon, please. There isn't one at my plate. I suppose you will tell me the other waiter serves the spoon. Marie, I heard that waiter say that he would rather serve a thousand men than ten women. Isn't he a crank? Men give them such large tips, you know, so that we never get any service. That waiter said he'd thank God when this meal was over. Isn't that rough language. He ought to be reported.

Chicken a la King—I don't care much for that and I haven't any potatoes on my plate. Take your plate, Marie? No, my dear, no! Potatoes are fattening anyhow. I weigh every day I have such a horror of getting stout. Look at Clara Johnson! She's growing to be a sight. Why doesn't she diet, or roll, or walk? She looms positively like a bale of hay. Isn't it a scream—look, she's sitting next to Mrs. Barnett, that poor, skinny, little wisp. They look like before and after taking.

THE CLUB LUNCHEON

Here's the dessert. Little short cakes! Puzzle, find the strawberries! This isn't a church social. Take yours, Marie? Oh, my dear, no. But they did give you quite a supply, didn't they? I can't see why they serve so unevenly. Well, if you insist, Marie. Thank you! We did not get any coffee. That table next to us has been served. Waiter, I must have my coffee or I shall have a headache. Isn't he the crankiest thing? Cream, too? Yes! I don't care for café noir. There goes the gavel. Now we are in for the speeches and toasts. She might let us get our lunches first. I'm not through with mine. I hope she'll cut every one down on the speeches. Horrors! There's Mrs. Crampton Jones. She's as long-winded as an old-fashioned preacher and about as interesting. I hope she doesn't talk first.

The President is introducing some one. Well, maybe what that woman has to say is good if you could hear it. She sounds as though she were going to cry. It must be something pathetic. Well, she knew enough to sit down quickly anyway with that little chirp. I wish the Toast Mistress wouldn't talk so much. We've heard all that before. I suppose she wants to

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be elected again some time, spreading all the taffy around about this crowd. Why doesn't she give some one else a chance? Madam Borem is going to sing. I don't care for her voice. It used to be good but she ought to know when to quit. Oh! Oh! Off key! Hasn't that harpist skinny arms! Grecian dresses are not very becoming to her certainly.

Oh, mercy! Marie. Mrs. Hopson is going to talk. That woman's voice gets on my nerves. It's a mile in the air. I should think she would take elocution lessons. There's old Colonel Cook at the Speaker's table as big as life. He's going to spout, of course. He'll tell us the whole history of the Civil War and we're lucky if he doesn't go back to the Revolution. Why, yes, Marie, of course I'm patriotic, but I studied history in school. There's June Latimer over there and her husband only dead six months. Looks queer, doesn't it? Well, they say they were not very happy, but who can tell? People gossip so, don't they? Of course I always thought—oh, I guess I won't say it—I mean—well, don't you breathe it—that they quarreled at home terribly. I've heard it but I never repeat anything

THE CLUB LUNCHEON

like that. Say, dearie, I must go. Sorry I can't wait until it's all over. I've had such a wonderful time! Just splendid! Will I have one of the table roses? Oh, thank you so much! Do you mind if I take a couple more? It makes a larger corsage and I am going to stay down town for dinner. Thanks, so much! Glad to have seen you all and I certainly have had a scrumptious time. I'll tell that old Mrs. Blossom that sells the tickets that I got a place and did not have to write for it ahead of time. She tries to be so business-like. It's screaming. At a club of friends, too. Well, good-bye, Marie love. Come to see me soon, won't you? I certainly have enjoyed myself.

THE NEW BABY

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

THE NEW BABY, *views his relations.*

MOTHER, *the blessed one.*

FATHER, *the fond parent.*

THE BIG BROTHER, *who gives the infant a tip.*

THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER, *wondering and adoring.*

THE GRANDMOTHERS, *fondly raving over the new offspring.*

THE POETICAL AUNT, *who bursts into free verse.*

VARIOUS OTHER GIANTS, *familiarly known as relatives.*

SCENE—*The nursery.*

THE NEW BABY, *forcibly expresses his thoughts.*

There seems to be a lot of people in this place I have come to—Giants with big eyes—and they are always wanting to hold me. I wish they would let me alone because my stomach hurts when they juggle me around. There are some little folks, too; a boy that has a dirty face and doesn't seem to want to kiss me (that is

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one thing to be thankful for because he is most never clean); and there is a cute little girl with ribbons in her hair. She calls me "Bruvver," but when they let her hold me I get scared to death because she seems so wobbly. The person I like the best is the one they call "Mother." She looks like she could eat me up only in a loving way, and she holds me so tight yet not too tight. There is a man they call "Dad" who comes in every night and chucks me under the chin and says, "Some boy, believe me!" He isn't around the house very much. I heard him say, "That buster looks more like me than the rest of the kids." I hope I'll get over that because he isn't very much to look at—fat and sort of red-faced and bald—but I would rather look like him than the one they call "Grandpa." He is a sight with white whiskers and wrinkles and he will kiss me, though his whiskers get in my eyes and mouth and always make me cough. Maybe I will grow to look like my mother. She has such kind eyes. One day two women came and a lot of other people. The women were not very young and they told me they were my grandmothers and everybody kept saying which side I looked

THE NEW BABY

like. It seems there are two sets of families in this place and it's a kind of prize fight as to which one claims me. All the people that came that day said they were cousins and aunts and they stayed all day long. That was a terrible day for me. I was hauled around from one to the other. It was like a regular wrestling match. They talked some kind of a foreign language. "Bess oose ittie heart," "Tweet-sie, bittie sing," "Dess ike oo Drama, oo old blossom—es oo is!"

My big brother, the one that wears the belted coat and bright ties and plays the mandolin, they said he was big brother; well, that one came up to my crib and said, "Poor kid, I wish for your sake they'd can the mush talk." My how I wished I could talk so that I could tell him he was a regular fellow. His language was funny but I knew he meant all right. I don't seem able to talk; just to think; but I know a lot more than those Giants think I do. I hope when I do talk though I won't say such silly things as some people do. One woman calls herself my aunt. She seemed kind of dreamy and I thought she was going to cry over me. "Dear wonderful bit of humanity, a tiny rose leaf,

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a star dropped from Heaven upon a cold sordid earth! Whither are you going? What will be your future? I will write a poem to you, strange, weird being from another world!" My big brother heard her and when he came up to me again he said, "Kiddo, when they pull that stuff on you, let out a yell. If you don't she'll bore you to death. Every time you don't like what they do, yell to beat the band and they'll let you alone. Take it from me, Kid, that's a tip." So I followed his advice and began to scream. He laughed and said, "Gosh, I believe he understood me! Go to it, Kiddo!" That certainly was good advice, because they took me away from that awful mob—relatives they call them—and gave me a nice warm bottle and put me to bed. Now I know what to do when that bunch comes again.

THE KISSES OF LIFE



It is the kiss of love that makes the world go round from the cradle to the grave. What so wonderful as the baby's kiss?

Pink is the tender baby mouth,
Like rose leaves dipped in dew.
Parted the lips—you surely know
To let the kisses through.
Gentle the kiss on cheek new born,
Oh blessed sacred touch!
These words bring heaven down to earth;
"The mother loveth much."

Then the dear toddling one! Her kisses will live in the memory long after she has slipped out into the great world to take her own place with those who live and strive!

Who can deny the four-year-old
That sticky little kiss?
Dear, chubby hands that love-pats give!
The thought is honeyed bliss.
All day she wastes on pop-eyed doll
Affection unreturned.
Dear heart, I'll give an hundred fold,
The kisses you have yearned!

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Spring-time and love, when the earth
buds forth anew and Cupid whispers the
old, old story to the eager ears of the man
and the maid!

Winged kisses, gauzy bright,
Trifles light as air,
Tossed by Love-god to the breeze,
Flutter everywhere.
Catch them e'er they flit away,
Sweet—elusive quite!
If no kiss light on your lips,
Mercy! What a plight!

Gold cannot buy the kisses that are
showered upon dear old dad when he
comes home each night.

Oh, the center rush with voices glad
That is made each night on dear old dad,
When we clamber about his knee!
What matters the daily grinding care
If love can such splendid kisses spare
From the happy family?
King Midas, take your paltry gold;
Real kisses are neither bought nor sold.

Never forget the morning kiss when
you say goodbye. It means sunshine
through all the daylight hours.

The married kiss—alas! I wot
It is the oftenest forgot,

THE KISSES OF LIFE

When romance dying lies.
The morning kiss safeguards the day,
Lightens each step along the way,
Then bid sad love arise.
Keep Cupid ever in his place
With the tenderness of courtship's grace.

What say you, there are the shadowy kisses that the bachelor blows through the curling smoke to his girl o'dreams? And the kiss of the gallant knight on the dimpled hand of my lady of old, or the siren's kiss that lured the hero into the tangled web of fate—nay these are but mocking shadows. They have no real meaning in the kisses of love—the kiss of the family! What more beautiful than the sweet caresses of the two who have journeyed the long path together, loving and beloved?

The kisses of love's aged pair
Like fragrant incense fill the air;
They've traveled side by side,
Down life's long pathway, hand in hand
In blessed unison, God-planned;
Thus could no ill betide.
Sharing the happiness and pain,
Together in sunshine and in rain,
This bridegroom and his bride!

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The last kiss to the beloved one is given
in tears. Yet Hope beckons onward and
upward toward immortality.

The last cold kiss on marble brow!
Father we need Thy grace!
In anguish 'neath the rod we bow;
Oh, lead us to the place,
Where we may see the wondrous plan
Devisèd since the world began,
The wherefore of the race!

Beyond there is a kiss of the resurrec-
tion morning when the awakened soul
shall know and understand.

WHAT GEORGE THINKS OF THE MOVIES

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

GEORGE, *who spends his pennies at the movies.*

AN INTERESTED NEIGHBOR, *who finds George amusing.*

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN, *regular attendants of the shadow drama.*

SCENE—*George's back porch.*

GEORGE, *waxes eloquent over screen heroes:*

Gee, but movin' pitchers is swell! Us boys goes to matinees 'cause they don't cost so much. What I like best is them Wild West ones—lots of ridin' an' shootin' an' jumpin' offa cliff 'n everything. I saw a guy onct what rode into a whole army 'n made 'em all run away. I should think some of 'em could get round behind his back and ketch 'im; but don't nobody never seem able to do that in a movin' pitcher. They must be awful smart, them heroes. Why onct I seen a guy what fell in the cellar and got his arm busted, and his right arm, too, and then with his left

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he knocked the tar out of four other fellers; jumped through a winder; swum a river; an' all the while they was shootin' an' shootin' but never hit 'im. Them movie fellers must shoot awful bad. Then the feller jumped on a horse that jest seemed to be standin' there all saddled and bridled that somebody musta forgot. And he rode miles and miles and miles and got away. They musta shot a whole box of cartridges into him but he didn't seem to get hurt none. I like the funny pitchers, too, where they hit each other on the head and blow flour and feathers into each others' faces and throw water all over the place. Say, if they'd let a kid get into them funny pitchers he'd have a swell time and wouldn't hafta worry 'bout his clothes nor nothin'. Us fellers gets to the matinee early so we can play tag around the seats before people come in much; but sometimes the usher gets fresh and stops us. I think it's all great but the mush stuff. Them two lovers what's always kissin' at the end of the show! They make me sick! The greatest thing of all is when a guy pulls a gun and makes about twenty men back away with their hands up. I don't see how they do it, but I guess them

WHAT GEORGE THINKS OF THE MOVIES

movie heroes must be awful brave. Us boys would rather go alone to the movies, but one time Jimmie's mother took his little brother with her and she read out the titles—that is the readin' between the pitchers, and the lady in front of her, she turned round an' glared at her an' sed, "The rest of us kin read, too, Ma'am, but we don't read out loud." Then they had a reg'lar scrappin' match back and forth. Then another woman was tellin' the plot to the lady behind Jimmie's Ma 'cause she'd seen it before, and Jimmie's Ma turned roun' and she says to her, "Well, the rest of us would prefer seein' the pitchers to hearin' your gab." And then they had another scrap. But I pretty near got kep' from goin' to the movies altogether. You see me an' Jimmie and the rest of us boys saw a dandy pitcher and we thought we'd act it out at my house, and so when Ma was to a club one day we filled the bath tub and played we were shipwrecked and some of us rescued the other fellers. Then we got a waiter, Ma's big, best brass waiter, and slid down the front stairs playin' we was 'scapin' down the mountains from the bandits. It wudda been all right only we forgot to

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turn off the water and we scratched the stairs an' when Ma come home the water was runnin' through the ceilin' in little rivers on the downstairs rugs. Ma can't shoot a gun but ef she was in the movin' pitchers with a hair brush, couldn't nobody beat her.

ISN'T ART ABSORBING?

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

THE ARTISTIC ONE, *adoring things intangible, or thinks she does.*

THE INARTISTIC MAN, *bored to distraction and preferring pipe and slippers.*

THOSE WHO CONGREGATE, *to be enlightened.*

SCENE—*An evening at the home of an ultra culturist.*

THE ARTISTIC ONE, *raves.*

Oh, my dear, it's too bad you were not at the Club last evening! Such a wonderful program! The most marvelous high-brow poetry, my dear, the new stuff! Have you read any of it? I must confess I haven't, but for mercy's sake don't tell anybody. I just raved about it to everybody all around. Everyone else was raving. I was afraid not to, because then, you see, people might think I didn't know the up-to-the-minute, very latest literary wrinkle. There was a wild looking man, who didn't look a bit like a poet. It seems that one mustn't nowadays. This man had a big head and heavy shoes, and he

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wore a red necktie. His hands were huge. Then he read things that didn't rhyme at all. It sounded just like prose, and I give you my word, Stella, that I could not make a bit of sense of half of it. But gracious! How wise the audience looked, and I just wager half of the people there didn't comprehend more than I did either! It was simply ravishing, though, my dear. This jingley stuff that you can grab mentally right off the reel doesn't make one think.

This was real art—all about alleys and ashes and some horrid slang, almost swearing, and some of it was about the most grewsome sort of things! John was awfully cross because I dragged him out and said it was the darndest rot (only he didn't say "darned") and that, so help him, never again! Men, except poets and musicians, don't seem to care for art at all. You know John was like a bear with a sore head when I took him to the Art Evening at Madame Palette's. She has such an artistic little apartment. There were low lights, just candles, and everybody bumped into everybody else—it was so dark. A lot of artists and poets and all sorts of queer, delightful people were

ISN'T ART ABSORBING?

there—so out of the ordinary, my dear! John kept giving up every chair he'd get, to some woman that would come in, until finally he had to sit on the dining room table. They didn't have any refreshments—just passed pink frappé. When the hostess saw him, she apologized because there were no more chairs, and John said, "Never mind, I always sit on the table at home," and she didn't know he was trying to be sarcastic. When they passed the pink frappé, John said to me he wished it had a kick in it. He said he'd even take a little dope in it to make him forget where he was. Wasn't that coarse?

Well, I must tell you about the poetry last night—Free Verse they call it. John says, "It's lucky it's free, because nobody would buy it." It really is positively charming, so crude and rough. It's like our bulldog—so ugly that it's just beautiful.

A woman read some original verses. She didn't look like a poetess either. She was short and dumpy and wore clothes like a man's and a divided skirt. I copied some of the poems.

An alley runs from street to street;
Ashes are there in cans;

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There are also garbage cans
Containing garbage.
Cats sneak around the cans,
Scavengers are they.
Clothes hang on a line,
Whited sepulchres that cover selfish souls,
Creatures dead to all desires
Save those for clothes and food and gar-
bage cans.
Banana peelings, old tins,
Egg-shells—moldy bread,
Refuse and garbage cans!
I dream of them by night and day!

Isn't that marvelous, my dear? You know the idea is that it is just as poetical to talk about the everyday things of life as of the stars and flowers and love and things that used to be considered poetry. Byron, Shelley and Keats are all passé, my dear, oh very passé. John was furious over that poem and said he wasn't an alley inspector. Isn't that the limit? I do wish he were more up-to-date in his ideas.

Then the woman poet read some most ecstatic verses, little short things. John said that was the only redeeming feature—they were short. Let's see; I copied some of her things, too. This is one:

ISN'T ART ABSORBING?

A gray sky trailing, smearing, splotching,
Gray smoke trailing, winding, drifting,
Dark gray—almost black.

Isn't that mystical? Positively weird!

This is another:

A bird sat on a bough singing,
The leaves trembled in the wind,
Turnips and cabbages and onions cried
out loud,
We are coming later through the moist
earth,
Wait for us.

Isn't that strong poetry—to talk of vegetables, instead of insipid violets and roses? One must bring in the virile things, the woman said. John said that onions ought to be strong enough poetry for anybody. I am desperately afraid John's soul is sordid. He will never understand.

Well, Stella, I must go. I just ran over to tell you of the perfectly adorable, artistic evening we had. A feast of reason! When I said that to John, he said it was a feast of garbage cans and a flow of inane rot. I am glad my mind is receptive, I feel that I have grown intellectually about ten inches since I saw you last.

Isn't art simply absorbing?

HER VALENTINE

ø ø ø

I am just a tiny little girl,
But I have a Valentine.
It says, "Oh, dainty, pretty one—
I pray you will be mine."

There are two hearts
Just stuck right through;
There's a funny boy with wings
With "Cupid" printed near his head,
And a bag of sticks and things.

I 'spose it means some one likes me.
Well, that is very fine;
But I wish that cake or ice cream cones
Was sent for my Valentine.

MAGGIE McCARTY TALKS ABOUT RECEPTIONS

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MAGGIE McCARTY, *receives after the family depart.*

BIDDIE AND MARY, *recipients of her bounty who do not worry about the high cost of living, when somebody else furnishes it.*

THE MISTRESS, *who wants to be seen where everyone else goes.*

THE MASTER, *who loathes receptions and goes as a sheep to the slaughter.*

SCENE—*The kitchen.*

MAGGIE, *gossips about the family.*

Come in, come in, girls, the folks has wint to a weddin' recption and the byes has lit out for the avenin', so we'll have the house all to oursilves. I'll make some coffee and sandwidges and we'll kape on the lookout for Mike, whin he comes on his rounds and invite him in to have a bit to ate. Oh! sich a time as the missus had gittin' the master to go! I thought for shure we'd have the family in this avenin' instid of having the place to oursilves. If

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there's anythin' that gits the master's goat it is one of them reciptions; he loikes to take off his coat and git into his smokin' jacket and slippers, whin he's afther stayin' at home, which ain't so often at that.

I knew somethin' was doin' whin herself comes out to the kitchen, fussin' around about the dinner, and whin I was waitin' on the table, then I learned the whole story, pacin' it all out wid what I heard in the dinin' room and from the kitchen door, me wid me ear close to it, listenin' to the conversation. "Isn't that delicious tinderline, Tom?" sez she to the auld man whin they was atin'. "I am so glad you loike it, seein' as you helped yoursilf twict, because I fixed it mysilf, knowin' you was so fond of it breaded, and the candied swate pertaties too. You know, Tom dear, I always loike to have ye plazed with your males."

"Phwat's that," sez the auld man, "there must be something the matter with you, bein' so considerate, I suppose you want a new gown, or some money. How much? Let's git the agony over," says he. Belave me girls, it's pretty hard to fool him. He knowed something was in the wind. "Oh Tom," says she, "how can you

talk loike thot? That's terribly rude and cruel and me in the hot kitchen all afternoon, makin' your favorite dessert, lemon pie. Am I ill, that I have grown so amiable? Why, Tom Rogers you ought to be ashamed, me always, or nearly always, in a good humor." Indade and girls I was laughin' to mesilf at the way she was kiddin' hersilf about the good humor, her that can chew the rag as much as inybody whin she gets started. Well after the male, girls, he says he was goin' to the liberry and rade, but she stops him quick.

"You might smoke," says she, "if you have time." "Time," says he, "pwhat's the rush?" "Why this is the night of the Baxter-Brown weddin'," says she, "and we must hurry." "I thought something was in the wind," says he. "Nothin' doin'." Thin, girls, she begins to whine, "Oh, Tom, you must go. We've been invited and some of our other friends haven't and it will be a grand affair and we've sent a prisint." "Get a taxi and go yoursilf," says he. She almost screamed, "Alone, do you mane? indade not, I won't have people wonderin' where you are and I won't go stringin' around alone loike that Mrs. Marshall always does. Now

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hurry up, Tom, I've lade out your clothes, had them all brushed and pressed." Thin, girls, the fun began. He was grumblin' and growlin' the whole time he was dressin' and me and her both awaitin' on him. "Why didn't you have the tailor press me clothes?" says he, "it looks like a home job, and where are me pearl studs? and where's me white silk vest?" Well it turns out, girls, that Harold, that's the bye that goes to college, had tuk the white vest back to school wid him. "Where's me necktie," says he, "me things is common property; everybody in the house wears 'em." "Here's your old white vest," says she, "this silk one—I claned it wid gasoline this afternoon." "It smells like a glue factory," says he. "Now, now, stop growlin'," says she from the nixt room, me bein' in there hookin' up the back of her dress, so I gets the whole benefit of the fight. All at once we hears some awful language and it sames that the auld man has dropped his collar button. So then Dick—that's the younger bye—has to come and find it, the auld man bein' too fat to stoop. "Why do idiots ever git married?" says he, "belave me, I wouldn't go to a weddin' from chice." "Oh, kape

MAGGIE McCARTY ON RECEPTIONS

still," says she, "for mercy's sake, quit your fussin'. And how do you loike me new gown? It only cost three hundred dollars and isn't it lovely?" But belave me, girls, he was so rid in the face and so mad he couldn't see the new gown for the timper of him.

"Hurry, hurry," says she, "the machine will come, and then they'll be runnin' up a bill on us." "Where's me silk muffler?" says he. "I am afraid Harold took that back wid him to college, too," says she. "But you can wear Dick's." "What, that red and yellow one?" says he, "and look like a Rah Rah school boy? I'll clane the place out," says he, "if they don't let me clothes alone. Where's me silk hat?" "I forgot to tell you," says she, "Bessie stepped on it. Now don't scold, she's only a baby and didn't know no better. You can wear your derby." "Oh, I suppose I can wear anything," says he, "just so you are all dolled up in your new gown. I don't feel loike goin' at all," says he, "especially lookin' loike a tramp," says he. "Oh, we must go," says she, "it's an awful swell affair, and I want folks to know we were invited, and then the weddin' prisint cost so much." "You want to git a run

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for your money," says he, "and the poor fools that's gettin' married don't know what they are gettin' into." "That's a nice way to talk," says she, "you with three lovely children, not countin' in me that's always doin' somethin' for you." "Yes draggin' me off to recptions and weddin's when I would rather a darn sight stay home or go to the Club," he answers. "And play cards and lose money," says she, "you had much better go to a lovely weddin'. There's the machine, now come on." And so girls, they rushes away, him still growlin' and her tickled to death wid the invitation and the new gown. The minute they had gone, I puts Bessie to bed and the bye's lights out and so here we are for a pleasant avenin' with all the nuisances out of the way. We'll have a nice little spread to pay for all the trouble the family gives me, bad cess to thim.

HIRAM AND THE BOLSHEV- ISTS

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

HIRAM, *with no use for long-haired tramps.*

THE CITY MAN, *who comes up for the spring fishing.*

REUBEN, *who spouts sarcastically of brotherly love.*

MEN OF THE SOIL, *who believe in sharing some things.*

SCENE—*The general store of a country village.*

HIRAM, *harangues.*

How air ye, Mister? Glad to see ye, agin this year. Come up fishin'? Fishin's pretty good, they say. Stoppin' up to Silas Peters' place? Wall Silas treats folks all right, I guess. Maybe he's a little near about money matters but he won't skin ye. All the skinnin' ain't done by the city folks neither. They has a good deal of fun 'bout us farmers in the papers, but with tellyphones and tractors and tin Lizzies, as ye call 'em, we're up to snuff these days all right. True onct in a while

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when we git to the city we acts green, but lands sakes all them noises is confusin'. Last year Si got stung to the tune of three hundred dollars, but don't ye tell him I told ye. He went to Chicago and when four o'clock in the mornin' come, he's so used to gittin up early, he went down stairs. Si never will use no elevators, and he went for a early mornin' walk. Ef he'd kep' in the Loop, they's allus somebody prowlin' around and the streets is light, but he went walkin' down by the river, and a Stranger met up with him. Says the Stranger—"I'm from the country and I like to take a mornin' walk. Can't sleep in town." Now, ef he'd come at Si with questions, Si would have been suspicious, but he looked and seen a man with bushy whiskers like his'n and so he says to the Stranger—"That's me, too." "We'll walk together if you don't mind," says the Stranger. "Sure," says Si. And he got so busy tellin' the Stranger how he'd run the Gov'mint if he set in the Presidential chair that he never noticed the Stranger leadin' him into a dark street by the river. "Ain't much like the river near my home town," says the Stranger, "all dark and muddy, but it makes me homesick just

HIRAM AND THE BOLSHEVISTS

the same." Si got homesick, too. He got mor'n homesick, for when he come to he was layin' down by the side of the bridge and his roll was gone. Don't make no mistake and ask Si, when ye git back to the house if he likes to take an early mornin' walk when he's in town.

Well, Mister, the laugh ain't all on one side, tho'. We can laugh at you city folks many a time. There was a girl come up here to Si's place for the summer last year and the fust night when they had honey on the table, she was one of them affected critters, she says to Si—"Oh, Mr. Peters, here is honey, how lovely! I see that you keep a bee!" Si near busted. Then she wanted him to take her out to the tomato trees so she could pick some right off'n the trees and eat 'em. That don't sound reasnerble, but I vum, Stranger, ef it ain't the truth. Gol durn, ef Si's hired man, Jake, didn't go and wire some pumpkins on a old dead apple tree and tell her they growed there. And when one of them things you folks calls pole cats—but we call somethin' else—come around one evenin', she says—"My, My, How strange. I can git the odor of the stock yards way up here!" Blame if Jake didn't go out-

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side the house and roll on the ground laffin'. Yes, city folks has as queer notions out here as we has in town, and don't you forgit it.

Set down, Mister—I forgit your name—Oh, Clark? That ain't hard to remember, but I ain't saw ye since last year. Ain't in no hurry, be ye? This ain't the busy time of the day for me. Too bad you want up here last week. We had some exciting time. Shure as ye're born. Ye see we reads the papers and keeps posted about air ships and the world's doin's same as you do, and we was all discussin' them Bolshe—Bolshe—Oh, Bolsheviks, that's it! Fust we thought they was some kind of queer animals, then Si made out they was men who said everybody'd got to divide up with the tother feller or else they'd kill him. They talked brotherly love but it looked kinder queer to me. Looked like they'd kill each other if folks didn't do what them Bolshe—Bolshe—Bolsheviks said.

Well a man come around here one day a preachin' and givin' out readin' about the great society of Brotherly Love when there wouldn't be no poor folks nor no marriages. Everybody could git married

HIRAM AND THE BOLSHEVISTS

or not just as they pleased, or pick out the other feller's wife if he didn't like his'n. I ain't saying but some of us was willin' to swap or git rid of those they had some way, but nobody dares to say nuthin' like that round these parts; but you'd never believe me, Mister Clark, the women folks was strong for this feller, especially the old maids and the women what'd drawed lemons that was no good anyway. We let him talk and preach because this is a free country, till all at once we come to and found he was askin' ten dollars apiece from the women for to jine the Society, and Rube Hawkins found out that his darter, what was pretty as a picter and 'bout sixteen, was plannin' to run away with the feller, and about five hundred dollars in cash of his'n—that is—of Rube's. So one night we plans a party. Si invited the stranger for a ride and when we come to a lonesome spot in the woods there was about twenty of us and a kettle of tar, and pretty nigh a wagon load of feathers, I guess. Says Rube to the Bolshe—Bolshe—Bolshevick, "we're calculatin' on sharin' this tar with you, Brother, and these here feathers, seein' you believe in sharin'. 'Twon't cost you nothin'. It's

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all give with our compliments and brotherly love." Then we tarred and feathered the sun-of-a-gun and rode him on a rail. "Don't come back no more," says Rube. "This sharin' business is all right but you don't seem to have nothin' to give in return but hot air, and we ain't aimin' to care for that; there's plenty around here free." That sure was a gol durn spectacle, Mister Clark. That Bolshe—Bolshe—Bolshevist, all featherin' out. Gol durn my slats if it warn't.

JIMMY'S PRAYER

8 8 8

Oh Lord, please listen to my prayer!

I want to do jes' right,
My Mother says it's awful wrong
Fer boys to quarrel and fight.

An' when some feller smashes you,
You must be very meek
Wipe off your face and turn around
So's he can swat the other cheek.

Now listen, Lord, they is some boys
Picks on you fer nothin' 'tall
They're always spoilin' for a fuss
An' they got a lotter gall.

If you even 'spress a 'pinion
They'll black one of your eyes;
Bein' way up in Heaven, Lord,
You don't know them mean guys.

Now I'd like to ask a favor, Lord,
If a kid like that comes 'round
And you stand right still, turn both your
cheeks
Fer him to maul and pound

When he gets through, won't you let me
start

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To lick him fer good and fair?
Seems to me that's kind o' just
And the way to make things square.

Anyhow—make a new commandment,
please,
That a feller can fight when
A bully gets to crowdin' hard,
I'll be much obliged—Amen.

WHAT MARY THINKS OF BOYS

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

LITTLE MARY, *so sorry that God made boys.*

HER BESTEST CHUM, *of the same opinion.*

THOSE SUPERFLUOUS CREATURES, the *boys.*

SCENE—*Mary's playroom.*

LITTLE MARY, *sadly confides.*

I don't like boys. They pull my hair and they are so rough. I should think God would like girls much better and I asked him in my prayers the other night not to bother making any more boys. They hide my dolls or break them and they never do study in school, and put our class back when we are working for a medal for good 'portment. At dancing school they are so rude and clumsy and walk all over your feet. If a boy does behave his'sef they call him "Sissy" just like it was a dusgrace to be a girl. I learned a pretty little fancy dance and danced it at an 'tainment for our school and wherever I went after that, the boys would jump up in the air and act very silly and

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say—"This is Mary, oh! mercy how she dances! Tra-la-la!" I cried and told my mamma, and she went out one day when they mimicked me and said, "You boys oughta be pos'tively 'shamed acting just like little hoodlums. I shall report you to your mothers." But that made it worse 'cause then they used to call "tell-tale" after me. When I told my mamma, she said—"Darling, don't mind them, they are 'corrigible." I don't know what that means but it sounds like something awfully naughty. Once we went to a picnic and the boys took the ice cream freezer and hid it and then ate all the ice cream and put salt in the lemonade. I just 'spose boys is like the plagues of Egypt in our Sunday School lesson. We've got to have 'em, to make us re'lize the world is a place where we have to conquer evil. Our Sunday School teacher said that—not about boys but about plagues; but I guess she was thinking of boys too. They are always marking our desks with chalk and making our auto horn "honk." Papa gets furious and jumps up from the dinner table, but it seems boys are awful swift runners 'cause he never can catch them. Papa says boys ought to be nailed up into

WHAT MARY THINKS OF BOYS

barrels until they're twenty, but they seem to be around loose. Howard Earle next door to us had a circus and they had a goat for a horse, but the goat backed up against the fence, and wouldn't go around the ring like they wanted him to. They charged one cent and five pins to get into the circus, and some of us girls went, too, tho' we were sort of 'fraid. Well, the goat finally let loose and butted Howard all over the circus, and he yelled and cried. When I got in my own yard where I felt safe, I hollered "Cry-Baby" and laughed 'cause Howard has teased me an awful lot. The boys had the clothes line of the folks in the top flat and they were playin' rope steers with their collie dog for a cow; but the janitor came out and said—"I'll tache ye to be ropin' steers in the yard, ye imps of Satan." And that broke up the circus.

After all, maybe boys are some use 'cause Howard Earle came up to our summer home one year with his mother. I heard Mamma say to Papa she dreaded to have him come, and Papa said—"Count me out, I'll stay in town if you 'tain that bandit and his mother." But it seems Mamma had to ask Mrs. Earle 'cause she had 'vited us to her home in the country

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one year. Howard didn't do much 'cept scare the neighbor's hens off their nests and break their wind-mill, and lose the oars from our boat, and let the cows in the corn of the farmer down the road. But when Mamma was just about crazy then one day Howard did something good and she forgave him everything, even tho' she had to pay the neighbors a lot of money just 'cause he visited us. You see one day I went bathing in the lake and so did Howard, and I couldn't swim, and I got out where I couldn't touch my feet. There was a hole that somehow had been washed away, and Howard swam out and saved me. Mamma hugged and kissed him. He didn't like that much, but he stood it 'cause she gave him some candy and some money and called him a "little hero," so I guess boys may be of some use after all.

FROM THE STREET CAR CONDUCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

THE CONDUCTOR, *who sizes up the crowd.*

JERRY, THE POLICEMAN, *his friend who gets free transportation.*

THE PASSENGERS, *just a mob of fares.*

SCENE—*A city street car at any hour.*

THE CONDUCTOR, *with a fortunate fund of good humor, relieves his mind.*

Step lively! All aboard! Hurry along! We can't wait all day! Fares! Shure this is a pay-as-ye-enter. Did ye think I was sthandin' here as an ornymint? Here, here, that transfer was good last wake but not today. What's that? The conductor on the other cair jist gave it to ye? Well, he'll have to be shot for slapin' on duty. He must be that old Rip Van Winkle they talks about. Thim ancient transfers won't work on this line. No, don't argue. Other folks is behint ye. This transfer is not from a cross town line, anyway. Give me your money or I'll put ye off the cair. Shure that come out of your pocket as hard as a tooth from your jaw—that

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money. Any time today, leddy. Stip aside, plaze, let the other folks pay while ye're lookin' over the contints of your bag. What air ye sayin', Ma'am? Ye tould me to let ye off at Beecher Strate, well that ain't a sthop. No we couldn't sthop there. We ain't runnin' no accommodation trains. Ye should think not? Well, no use gettin' huffy. We works under ortdhers. This ain't no private cair. Ye'll have to walk back a couple of blocks. Now don't take it out on me. Jaw the company. All right, report me! Now ye've gone by the nixt stop while ye were fussin'. Oh, thim wimmin! It's good me nerves is tough. Step inside. Plinty of room in front. What's that? It's all taken up at prisent? Don't be frish, young feller. Ye cain't sthand outside here. What air ye sayin', leddy? Why don't I call the strates? Shure I do, ef ye'd listen. I'll git a megaphone. This is just a strate cair, not a rubber neck bus.

Hello, Jerry! Shure it must be great to be a polaceman and ride free. I wisht I had yere job. I'd arrist all the boobs what rides in cairs. Look at that old rube and his wife. I s'pose it's his wife. Nobuddy ilse would have her. The're laffin' at that

THE STREET CAR CONDUCTOR

old dame all dolled up like a young gurl and she's makin' fun of thim to her friends because they are from the country. Gorry! It's looky we cain't see oursilves the way other folks sees us. Some of us would die of laffin' some times. That auld bum in the corner is aslape. I'll bet he won't wake up at his sthrate. Yis, leddy. That kid is full fare. What? He ain't over six. Six, what? Six feet? He's about twelve years auld. Fare! Fare! I can't wait all day. Shure go on report me. It's the sthyle. Ivery one does that. Why are we sthoppin'? There's a parade, Mum. It's rainin'? Shure I see that wid me own eyes. Why do they parade in the rain? Ye'd bitter ask the Committee on Arrangements. They didn't make me the Chairman today. What do ye say, leddy? Ye want to go where ye're goin'. God knows, I do too. Ye can't in the rain? Well, git a taxi. Ye can't afford it? Now for Hivin's sakes, in that case I don't see nothin' to do but wait thin. What say, Sir? Parade? Shure! Well, you ain't in a hurry? That's good, for we may be waitin' some time. What time is it? Tin o'clock? No, it's twelve. Jerry, that old rube was only two

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hours out of the way. He thought it was tin o'clock. No wonder he want in no hurry. Ye want to know how long it'll be, Mum? I can't tell, Mum. That's de-pindin' on the length of the parade. Ye think ye'll git out. All right, I won't sthop ye. That old dame must have had a date by the hurry of 'er and the way she was dolled up, Jerry. Shure it must have been wid a blind mon considerin' the face of 'er. All aboard! We're goin' soon. Look how mad the auld dame looks when we got stharterd just as she got off. Wait, leddy. Wait. You wid a baby. I'll hilp ye git on the cair. Too hard gittin' on wid a basket and a baby. That's all right. That's all right. I've got four kids of me own.

What's that ye're sayin', Miss? Ye forgot to ask for a transfer when ye paid your fare? That's the rules. Well, I'll give it ye this time but don't ye be for-gittin'. She ain't a bad looker, is she, Jerry? Well, be gorry, there has to be some compensation for all the mutts that passes in and out of me cair. How would ye like me job, Jerry? Shure it's a gay life, I don't think. Ding! Ding!

THE EATER

8 8 8

Next door to our house there is a boy
Who eats a drefful lot.
It seems he never gets enough
Of food both cold and hot.

On Thanksgiving he stuffs and stuffs
With turkey and mince pie;
On Christmas too—then he gets sick—
And with pain he has to cry.

I said, "Why do you stuff and stuff,
That always makes you ill?"
"'Cause—A famine might come on
And I'm gonna get my fill."

He said, "There was a famine once
I heard our teacher say;
So I'm just filling up myself
Before it comes this way."

THE PEACH BLOSSOM PRINCESS

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

O MITSU, *called the Peach Blossom Princess.*

SEIZA, *her lover.*

THE AMERICAN GIRL TOURIST, *who dotes upon romance.*

SCENE—*In Japan at "The Tea House of Happy Hours."*

O MITSU, *tells her love story.*

My name, Honorable Lady? It is O Mitsu. That means "light," but Seiza call me his Peach Blossom Princess. Welcome, welcome, beautiful young lady to stay at tea house while rest of your exalt party go for Jinrikisha ride! You weary and you like see me dance again? I am place on high—by your honorable consideration—as high as is the top of our worship mountain, Fuji Yama. I am flatter—but the young man of estimable face—do you weary of him also? He bow at your feet with love. You wish him go away for a time? I not understand the ways of your people from across sea.

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

I, O Mitsu, weep for him, my Seiza—you come from Unita State, lady fair as the lily flower? You know my Seiza of the place San Fran? Ah, how you say that? San-Fran-ces-co, so! You know him not? He the honorable young man of O Mitsu's heart. He go to college to school in Unita State—to school of great mind. His august guardian Oki, of the Thread Shop, like not geisha girl like me. He say, we not marry; Seiza say yes. And so we marry when honorable dear one return for his O Mitsu, his Peach Blossom Princess, as he call me. He will come for O Mitsu and we return and keep shop in San Fran—shop of silk, of pottery, of embroidery and gold fishes—lilies too and many much more thing. I say you like Lily flower. But no, you like Chrysanthemum, grand—big—honorable young lady. I call you O Kiku San—that mean Chrysanthemum. You tall and glowing like gorgeous flower. I sorry you not here at Fete of Chrysanthemum. It now cherry blossom time. Lovely? Yes, but all happy but poor O Mitsu. I so sad, yet I must dance and smile. Geisha girl cannot weep. I wait and wait. I call across the rice fields, "Come, my beloved

THE PEACH BLOSSOM PRINCESS

Seiza, for your little Peach Blossom Princess." But only the little frogs answer and Seiza comes not. The light has gone from O Mitsu. I whisper to you my secret, oh Lady of the Chrysanthemum. It seem long time since we wandered beneath the moon beams, me and my beloved. We drift far through the lotus blooms in tiny boat. Seiza say he adore O Mitsu. If I want moon—he will reach for it with long pole of bamboo, so I have my wish. We wander where the sandalwood trees breathe spicy odor. Seiza twine almond bloom sometime in hair of his Peach Blossom Princess. He say, "O Mitsu have smile like a flower—like a lotus blossom courting favor. He say his Peach Blossom Princess is beautiful to the tips of her fairy finger-nails. When we part he sing this love song:

"Oh flower hear me well, if thou hast a soul—

When anyone sorrows as I am sorrowing
Why dost thou bloom?"

And he twined flowers in my hair. But Seiza returns not and days are sad. When temple bells are ringing, O Mitsu weep and pray for safe return of her Seiza. Shall I whisper secret to Honorable Miss

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

Chrysanthemum of Unita State? Here is my sea shell. We pick it up on beach and Seiza whisper into it:

“Seiza adores his Peach Blossom Princess. He will come again to claim his own O Mitsu. Wait, beloved, wait! Seiza will come back across the seas, blown by the silver sails of love.”

Listen! This is my secret. The secret of my sea shell. Seiza's soul is there. Do you hear him murmur, august, beautiful lady? Now know you why I am sad. The willows by the brook weep with O Mitsu, yet the breeze whispers through the lemon grove to O Mitsu of the Tea House of Happy Hours that Seiza will come again. Yet I falter, I lose hope, though I dance and smile and sing. No! I will hope my honorable beloved will come for me. My heart sings it; the sea shell whispers it.

Behold! Oh exalted young lady from across the sea, look below and in valley! Who comes up steep mountain side to the Tea House of Happy Hours? It is, it is he! My Seiza! He has come back to me—to fulfill glad message of the shell!

Oh, my beloved, your Peach Blossom Princess is waiting. Welcome home, oh blessed one, welcome home!

ONE MINUTE TO EAT

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

SADIE THE WAITRESS, *full of good humored banter.*

BILL, HER SWEETHEART, *with a grouch.*
LUNCH COUNTER HABITUÉS, *who gobble and get.*

SCENE—*A quick-lunch room.*

SADIE, *chins and serves.*

Ham and—sunny side up! Coffee? Want it black? Why didntchu say so? I ain't no mind reader. We always puts cream in unless you specify. What do I mean, cream? There ain't no such animal? Well, then, Mr. Funny, milk or chalk, if you like it better. That all? Pie? Sure, all kinds. Minsapricotpeachappleprune. Don't want prune? You lived in a board-in' house once? Well, prunes is riz, ain't cheap no more—they're gettin' quite stylish. Here's your check. Don't forget to come again. Oh, quit kiddin' me! I know I'm a regular movie actress, but I ain't got time to listen. What'll you have, mister? Soup? *One bowl!* That all? Doughnuts? Don't like them doughnuts—they're

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

too small? Well, they put holes in them. I'll tell them to save the dough from the middle for you next time. Say, for the love of Mike, Yon Yonson, what did you stoop down then for? To pick up something? Well, you like to got something. You like to got some hot stuff down your neck, me carryin' this soup. You are one boob!

Liver and—on two! Stack of wheats!
Oh, yes, I've got you fellers sized up. I know what you want as soon as I sees you. You're the one minute stop-watch boys all right. Rice pudding! Now you're all fixed up. Yes, this is my busy day. No chance to loaf on the job here. Hello, Bill Hardy! You've got the usual grouch. Now don't come chewin' the rag now about my dancin' with other fellers last night; if you don't want no eats get out, and I'll see you after hours. You'll take ham hocks and cabbage? Don't put vinegar on the cabbage, Bill, you are sour enough already. Here comes his nobs the joker, regular little Charlie Chaplin, always says the same thing. I have to make believe to laugh because he's a friend of the boss. He sure gives me a pain for the funny stuff he tries to pull. But the boss

ONE MINUTE TO EAT

says he has the mazuma all right. Hello, sure I'm your sister. Thought you'd drop into the Blackstone for After-noon Tea? Come on in, the water's fine. What's that? The orchestra's too loud. I'll speak to the Umpah and have him put on the soft peddle. Hey in there, stop clattering dishes. It annoys Mr. Rockybilt here. What would you like, lady? Two cheese sandwidges to take out with you? *Two cheese on white to go!* Say, Bill, that dame is too proud to eat in here, she always takes her stuff outside. Hello, happy days, Kittie! Ain't saw you for a month of Sundays. Where've you been hidin'? Oh, just buzzin' around? Well, you ain't buzzed in here. Got a raise, some class to you! I suppose you will take strawberry shortcake on that. Look, Kittie, here comes that old dame. She always orders rolls and coffee. I don't believe from the looks of her she ever saw a square meal. Wisht I knew how to give her one. Tell you what—you go set at her table and get to talking to her and I'll serve you a double order and pay my share to you. See? Then you ask her to have some of yours and help you out, as you can't eat it all. Will you? You're the

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goods, kid, all right! Go on over! *Lamb stew, hot rolls, mince pie!* I'll bring the order, Kit, and you do the rest, not forgettin' the old dame. Give her plenty. Well, look who's here! Hank and Ethel! Married? For Pete's sake! Spliced! Bill, did you hear the weddin' march? Bill's got his usual grouch after a dance. See the glassy stare he gives me! I suppose you folks want a regular wedding supper. Oh, had your eats at the La Salle or the Congress or some of the classy joints, eh? Say, there's Tillie Adams hangin' around outside. Call her in, Bill. She's goin' to touch me, but you see she is outer luck. What do you say, Bill? You don't want me to associate with her? Too bad about you! Since when did you have to pick my friends. That skate left her high and dry, and I'm goin' to stand by her, see? Now I've got her eye. Hello, Tillie, come in. Wait till I wait on some folks at the table over there. Now, Tillie, you want something to eat. Oh, yes, you do. I'll treat. Oh, Bill says he'll do that. Don't look very cheerful, does he? But as long as he shows the coin, we should worry. Here's a dollar. Slip it in your jeans. I have to wait on customers. I'll put in

ONE MINUTE TO EAT

your order, but that old bum over there is gettin' impatient. Oh, you married folks decided to eat again, did you? Regular little turtle doves! Some order you're givin'. Hold on, you're too fast for me! Well, I'm sure glad to see you. When Bill's temper is sweeter (which it don't look like it would be in a thousand years) we may follow suit. Wait until I take that guy's order over there. Oh, goodbye, Tilly. Come in again. So long! Good luck! Now I can talk a minute to you love birds again. Where did you get that Georgette Crepe dress, Ethel? You're some doll! Look at the old dame over there with Kit. She sure was hungry. I'm glad I thought of that. I'll bet it is her first square meal for some moons. Bullieve muh—she needed that feed. My fresh friend is calling me. He's through talking with the boss. Say, that fellow makes me weary! What did you say, Bill? You've got a good job now, and you wisht I'd quit mine and get married? Not till you collect a little sugar in your system. You're a good kid, Bill, but you sure are green-eyed with jealousy. Maybe if you'll smile I'll think it over. Anyway, they say the

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first hundred years is the hardest. So long, Bill, I'll see you tonight, and try to shake the grouch before we meet again.

A CHOP SUEY LOVE TALE

8 8 8

Ching-a-ling-a Che Foo was a China Man
And he loved a pretty maid called Wee,
A charming little saffron girl, with quite
tiny feet,
And slanting eyes as black as black could
be.

2

Wee rode in a sedan chair, a gorgeous
chair of red,
Carried by some coolies strong and tall.
She often came to Chee Foo's shop to buy
—bright silken robes.
But that was not the reason—not at all.

3

For Chee Foo whispered words of love
into Wee's small ear,
Words that won her little China heart,
Until her wicked father, a Mandarin of
note,
Said that Wee and Ching-a-ling must
part.

4

Ching was bastinadoed, whipped with
bamboo rods
And made to Chop Sticks in the Public
Square,

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

While the weeping maiden was fastened
in a tower,
With not a soul her solitude to share.

5

Gay love laughs at locksmiths, more than
ever now,
In this very scientific day.
Ching escaped within an airship—flew up
to the tower.
Sailing with his loved one far away.

6

Now Ching-a-ling-a Chee Foo and his
loving wife,
In America are running a Café,
In this land of freedom they are happy as
can be
Chopping Chop Suey all the day.

7

“Ki yi, kee yee, koo, koo, wah wah, wikki
woo,
Okka, oka, olly oly, oo-ey,”
Ching says to his dainty wife, translated
it must mean,
“How wonderful is love, dear, and Chop
Suey.”

CONVERTING JOHN THE "BLAPTIST"

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. REFORMER, *a bit weary of the job.*

HER FRIEND, *a listening caller.*

THE CHINABOY CONVERT, *John the
"Blaptist."*

SCENE—*A home.*

MRS. REFORMER, *tells her troubles.*

My dear, I am all worn out with this reform work. Really, I suppose it's a good thing to try to convert the heathen, but one never seems to get anywhere. Why do we call them heathen? I think they are too wise or else so stupid they seem wise, which amounts to almost the same thing, doesn't it? You know I used to teach at the Chinese Sunday School and I taught a Chinaman named John. Are all Chinamen named John? That's queer, isn't it? I never heard of one that wasn't called John or maybe Charley. Well, anyhow, wait until I ring for tea. Tea—HulDAH. Oh, it's such a relief to see that girl instead of John! But I am getting ahead of my story. John was the most docile

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thing and as solemn as an image of Buddha. When I told him all about the Bible, he'd nod his head and say, "Velly good," most patronizingly. You'd think he knew all about it before, but I honestly believe, my dear, he had not one iota of an idea about the religious side of it. Just between us, I'll tell you that I think he only wanted to learn English.

Here's our tea. One lump? Two? Lemon? Take one of these little cakes, dear. That will do, Huldah.

Well, to go on with my story, Rob used to joke, or, as he says, kid me about my convert, and I always stoutly maintained John understood, but I know better now. I told him all about Jonah and the Whale, and Noah and the flood, and Moses and the bulrushes, and when I tried to review what I had taught him, and asked him to tell me my story, what do you think he always said?

"Mosee fell out big boat Arkee into Paciffee Ocean and big flish eatee him up." Nothing would change his story. Wasn't that the limit?

I told him of John the Baptist and he seemed, as Rob says (that isn't my slang), to fall for the name right away. After

CONVERTING JOHN THE "BLAPTIST"

that he always called himself "John the Blaptist." It sounded very sacrilegious but nothing would change him, and when I tried to explain he grew dense, as he invariably did when he did not want to comprehend. "Chinaboy no spik Inglis," was his safeguard.

Have some tea, dear? And a cake—yes, they are delicious. Huldah makes them. The recipe? Surely; but mind you, Huldah has a knack that is hard to beat, so do not be disappointed if they are not just like hers.

Oh, yes, I mustn't forget to finish about John. He nearly finished me. You know the verse about the publicans and sinners. I was teaching him that lesson one election time and he looked up and pointed to a sign, with the suspicion of a ray of intelligence on his face and nodded, "Republicans and sinners," and you could never get him to change it, not but what the names go together sometimes, but I suppose there are Democrats and sinners too as well. John came to Sunday School with a black eye one Sunday. I was amazed as he was such a peaceable creature, and asked him how in the world it happened. He told me stolidly that a nice

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Chlistian gentleman hit him with a stick. A nice Chlistian gentleman! Imagine! I always wondered if John really meant way down in his queer oriental mind to be sarcastic. Finally I took John home as a cook. This must have been in a moment of temporary insanity on my part or else he hypnotized me. He walked so softly that I never knew he was anywhere until I looked up and saw him. It was positively spookish. Rob used to call him the avenging conscience and the still small voice, right to his face, thinking he did not understand. I believe now he did and got even in his own way. I will tell you about it later.

One day when I had company someone spilled some cream on the floor and I called John to come and wipe it up. Would you believe, dearie, after that, whenever I had company, that stupid Chinaman always came in with a pail of water to wipe up the floor. I was almost distracted. We finally had to let him go.

Rob always insisted I dismissed John because he commented on my appearance. Rob loves a joke on me. I was all dolled up—there's Rob's slang again—dressed up, I mean, to go to an at home one after-

CONVERTING JOHN THE "BLAPTIST"

noon, in a new gown and was feeling particularly fine, when John stopped me at the door. "What matter wit you?" he asked. I looked surprised and he continued, "When you dless go out, you look like young girl slixteen—when work round house you look like old woman slixty." What do you think of such impertinence? He never batted an eye and Rob fairly howled. I could not see the joke myself. However, I got even with Rob, and I think John did too, in this wise:

When baby had the whooping cough, we burned that dreadfully smelly stuff in his room and I explained to John that it was to kill germs.

Rob kept missing his two for a half cigars that he kept for company and choice occasions, and one day he ran plump into John the Blaptist smoking one complacently in the basement. Rob flew into a rage, when John calmly told him "He smoke—killee germee whloopee cough." The humor of the situation struck me, but not Rob. It makes a difference who is the butt of the joke, doesn't it, and he fired John then and there. John did not worry, nothing seemed to worry him—that was his life philosophy. When he made a

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mistake and you told him of his error, he always calmly laid the blame at your own door. "You forglet," "Allee samee me good fella—you forglet," and that ended the matter. So ended my efforts to convert John the Blaptist.

Do have some tea, dearie.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

THE EVIL ONE, *who speaks.*

THE HOLY ONE, *who appears.*

SCENE—*The world.*

THE EVIL ONE, *boasts of his conquests.*

I have a rendezvous with a pretty maid, tender and star-eyed. She wants to see life in the great city, to peer into forbidden places; so she will meet me. She will not know me, but I shall be there. She will see only the dashing man about town, who praises her beauty, her charm, and hovers about her with courteous solicitude. He is the instrument through whom I shall begin her downfall. She will drink and laugh and dance, and pity the straight-laced girl of the country town. Down, down the scale she will go until, a blear-eyed, haggard, hideous hag, she will look into my face and know me—cursing. Then shall I laugh, laugh loud and long, at the finished product of my endeavor.

I have a rendezvous with a man. He has been losing money, gambling, carous-

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

ing and "hitting the high places." He will waver in despair and I shall whisper to him how easy it will be to take a little of his employer's money, a little here and a little there, and he will yield. Yielding, he will yield again until discovery comes, when he will face the judge, the prison cell. Then will he see me face to face, and I shall laugh, a laugh that will be echoed throughout all the halls of sin.

I have a rendezvous with a sharp-tongued slattern, whose venomous tongue rolls with slander and vituperation. She is my good ally, the gossip, who mouths unsavory morsels to the undoing of her fellow creatures. I am always at her side, whispering suspicion and contumely and I shall own her soul, which is scarcely worthy of my effort, she is so easily my prey.

I have a rendezvous with a man of wealth, who is hoarding great bags of yellow gold out of the suffering of his fellow men. When he comes to the parting of life's ways he will see me, and the great bags of gold will bear him down to the lowest pit of my domain.

I have a rendezvous with a lady—so she styles herself—a lady who lies all morning in a negligee, eating candy, read-

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

ing novels and kissing a dog. Bah! Some things sicken me, even if I am the devil. She has no children. She rides about in her limousine, drinks, plays cards all afternoon and dances half the night, while little children of the slums—children from whom she shrinks in disgust—grow up daily into criminals of her making, hers and mine. I have a rendezvous with this lady, but I do not think I shall keep it. What's the use, so surely is she mine?

I have a rendezvous with a man who believes I am a myth. He says there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no devil to be feared. Like the stupid ostrich, he thrusts his head into the sand. He says there is no danger because he can see none. With all the great forces about him, the wonders and mysteries as yet unsolved, he is blind. The sin of indifference will bring him to my place of rendezvous and I shall seize my own.

I have a rendezvous with all the weak and faltering ones. But stay—who bars my path? What great light blinds mine eyes? What wondrous voice like music falls upon mine ears?

“Though their sins be as scarlet!”

“To him that overcometh!”

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

My power is weakened; my steps falter;
there is a greater Force than the force of
evil. Sin must fall before the Holy One.
He forever holds the cross on high that
the eyes of all the world may see.

WHEN WE WENT IN

8 8 8

You see 'twas the day we wuz goin' in,
For our first real taste of fight.
Reveille blew and 'twas rainin' hard
And 'twas still as black as night.

The boys came tumblin' down from the
loft
Grumblin' to beat the band,
Though some was crackin' a joke or two,
An' all had plenty o' sand.

Bonfires lighted the village streets
As we burned our old bed straw;
Men wuz hurryin' everywhere,
Wadin' 'round in the early thaw.

Wagons, motors, mule teams with heavy
loads,
Line after line of marchin' men,
With rifles, trench helmets, full packs and
gas masks,
We knew 'twas the real thing then.

On and on we marched mile after mile,
God! them packs weighed half a ton;
And my feet was burnin' like two red
coals
With the march not nearly done.

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Some one started a song an' we sung for
awhile,
But the rain made us feel pretty glum,
So we just hiked along kinda cussin' inside
The weather was sure on the bum.

Rest a bit every hour, then hike on again!
And poor little sawed-off Bill,
His feet wuz achin' to beat the band
But not a complaint did he spill.

His ankle was wrenched and he wuz short
to the ground,
Though otherwise hearty and strong;
A jolly second lieutenant was kiddin' us
all,
Just to help matters along.

Sawed-off dropped back, but he stayed
with the game,
Sufferin' the tortures of Hell,
Till all at once he got wobbly and white
And down by the roadside he fell.

That Second Lieutenant, a tall husky
chap,
Helped him up and shouldered his pack;
Bill, he pertested but got up and marched
Easier with a free back.

WHEN WE WENT IN

On and on, on and on, sullen, silent and
worn,
Miles and miles an' skerce one word wuz
said,
A man could go mad with the solemn
tramp, tramp,
Of the boots of the man just ahead.

So we got in at last and then come the
time
When we went over the top with the rest,
Into Hell Fire—well I didn't get killed,
But I come from the fray kinda messed.

The Second Lieutenant, the tall husky
guy—
Him that carried poor Sawed-off Bill's
pack!
Dead out there in No Man's Land with
hundreds more,
With never a chance to come back.

Say! I ain't no religionist, though I think
they's a God,
And I onc't heard a good Bible verse
'Bout bearin' the burdens of somebody
else,
An' it 'ud kinda lift off life's curse.

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So maybe the Lord, if they is such a One,
Just opened up Heaven's gate wide,
And said to the Lieut, who wuz such a
 good pal,
Come on, boy, you're welcome inside.

NOTE.—*The poem is founded on a true incident of the World War, as related by a correspondent.*

WHO SAYS WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT HOME?

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

MRS. HASBEEN RICHLY, *seeking business advice.*

MR. BIZZIMAN, *an old friend of her late husband.*

SCENE—*Mr. Bizziman's office.*

MRS. HASBEEN RICHLY, *proceeds to do the talking.*

Good morning, Mr. Bizziman, I'm afraid I'm a wee bit late. Oh, only half an hour late? I'm so glad. I was afraid it was more than that. I'm not used to getting up so early. An eight o'clock breakfast! Such an unearthly hour! I never take anything but coffee and rolls for breakfast, generally—but this morning on account of getting up so early and beginning my business career, I ate a cereal and some eggs—eggs are so high now too—isn't it dreadful the high cost of living? And then the cars took so long with all the stops, and they were so smelly! But I thought I might as well get used to it—and not take a taxi. It is so dear of

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you to try to help me out and teach me business. You and poor Stewart were such close friends. Stewart I call him now. I used to say Stew, and really it fitted him because I will admit he used to imbibe a little once in a while. But now that the poor dear boy's gone, it sounds better to say Stewart. You know I always thought you and Stewart resembled each other—I mean in your looks, not in your ways, for Stewart wasn't a very good business man to leave me such a small income. Goodness knows he ought to have had more money because he was forever kicking about my bills, and good gracious, the poor thing worked hard enough. He was never home more than one night a week, slaving at that old office until all hours, he said. I expect that's one thing that carried him off. What's that, you are sorry, but let's get to business? My! How important that sounds! Poor old Stew—(*weeps*) Stew-art. It's hard to be alone in the world. I suppose it will help me to forget. Think of my going into business selling stocks—What? I have so many friends I ought to make good if I follow your instructions? Yes, I think so, too. Oh, I've been repeating

WHO SAYS WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT HOME?

over and over all the things you told me. I called up Mrs. Readycash and told her I'd call on her at 2:00 this afternoon. You know she's an old friend of ours. I was awfully foxy about it. Didn't tell her why. She broke an engagement to see me. Wasn't it splendid of her? She has oodles and oodles of money, and I know she'll buy stocks or something just because I ask her. You don't know how frightened I am when I think of talking to any one. What? You wouldn't think so? Oh! I mean talking business. It's hard to be left alone in the world! (*Weeps.*) No, I won't cry much. And if I didn't need so much money, I could live on the income poor dear Stew—I mean Stewart—left; but with shoes costing \$12 a pair and everything, why I simply have to go into business and earn some money, and it was perfectly darling in you to teach me. Let's see; if I sell \$15 worth I get one hundred dollars. Isn't that wonderful? No wonder you people get rich. Oh, isn't that it? It's the other way round? Um—that's a little slow, I think. Now let me see—I repeated everything over and over that you told me, so I would remember and know just what you said for me

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

to say to people. I must say: "Now these are the very latest styles in stocks. I mean issues of stocks. They're liable to be ever so much more a peck next week. I mean a pound, or how is it? Stocks are weighed or watered? Aren't they? Don't they talk about watering stocks? I'll tell them we used only filtered water. Oh, I know how to talk—what did you say? I thought you made an exclamation. There's your 'phone bell. Certainly I'll excuse you for a minute. Phones are a nuisance, aren't they, even if they are a convenience? That's a regular paraphrase, isn't it? I mean a parachute—no, a paradox, that's it. Oh, excuse me, you can't hear over the 'phone when I'm talking, can you? You'll go into the inner office? All right. (*After MR. BIZZIMAN exits.*) I guess I'll call someone up to pass away the time and this is a free 'phone. Hello, Central—what—gas bag in the next room? Central! Central! The wires are crossed. (*Calls.*) Oh, Mr. Biz-ziman, something is wrong with your 'phone! Oh, I see the two phones are connected! Well, the gas man is trying to get you. You have an appointment at eleven? Well, I must go too. Do let me use your

WHO SAYS WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT HOME?

'phone before I go. I try to take advantage of every free 'phone. Thank you so much. Hello—Bellevue 800—Hello, is this Dorothy? I am down town, dearie, and I'm a business woman now, selling yards of stocks. It's the most fascinating thing. Makes one feel just like a man. Women are in every field now, aren't they? What? You've been trying to get me all morning? Want me to go to lunch and the theatre? Oh, I have a business engagement at two. Want me to see the Follies? Oh, my dear, I am dying to see the Follies. I don't know what to say. Mercy me! This business ties one up so. Well, I don't know what to do. Do you think, Mr. Bizziman, that a day or two would make any difference with my customers? What? No? Nor a month or two either? Oh, thanks, it's so nice of you to say that. I'll call Mrs. Readycash and tell her I'll come some other day. Business isn't so binding after all. Thank you so much. That's such a relief to know that. (*Turns to 'phone.*) Yes, Dorothy, I'll go and meet you early. It's the Spring opening everywhere and they have the loveliest new gowns. What? Oh, I must ring off. I'm in Mr. Bizziman's office and

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

he seems to be nervous. He went into the next office and I can hear him walking back and forth. Here he is at the door. Goodbye, dearie. I'll meet you at 12—12:15? Well. Oh, 12:30? All right. The northwest door of Field's by the perfumes. Yes—12:30. Yes. The northwest door—right by the perfumes. Yes. All right. 12:30. Goodbye. Oh! Bring me proofs of your new pictures. I want to see them. 12:30. Yes. Be sure to be prompt—because you know I'm a business woman now—yes, dear, 12:30—northwest corner. Goodbye. I must go, Mr. Bizziman—don't hurry? I'm sorry, but I really must go. I'll run in every day or so and let you know how I'm progressing, watering the stock. That's a joke, isn't it? About watering the stock? It sounds so silly. Do explain it to me. You can't now? Well, sometime, do.

It is darling in you to help out the wife of an old friend, Mr. Bizziman, just darling. Goodbye. (*Closes door.*) My, he's a nervous man. I thought I heard him swear.

RED CHARLEY—ONE CREDIT.

8 8 8

CHARACTERS:

RED CHARLEY, *the crook.*

MCGARIGLE, *the officer.*

SCENE—*Lincoln Park on a golden brown October day.*

Red Charley strolled about Lincoln Park and saw it all, yet with unseeing eyes. Long stretches of green grass, trees faintly tinged with golden brown or standing, shorn of many leaves, gaunt and feathery against the sky, the rippling artificial lake, where ducks paddled aimlessly or gazed with wondering eye at flocks of wilder things, flying in long lines high above them, toward a far-off southern land! The flowers had gone, their beds like newly made graves, were covered with black mold. Workmen raked the dead leaves, piling them in heaps. An old woman with a wintry, careworn face and head tied in a woolen shawl sat on the stairway where bronze Lincoln stands, as though she waited for the words of wisdom he soon might cry again unto the world. Boys came trooping for a practice game,

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

their school books thrown upon the ground. A line of blue the great lake stretched, tranquil beneath an Indian summer sun. A blackened silhouette against the sky the General sat his horse most gallantly in these times of troublous peace. Nurses wheeled their charges gossiping of life above stairs, as they strolled about the walks. There were no merry crowds of children as in the torrid summer time, yet the broad park bared her bosom calling loudly in these brown October days. The scattered few who answered to the call were joyous. Three little girls had climbed upon the statue of the bard of Avon. One snuggled in his lap and the others clung about his knees, as though defying all the world to slander their beloved Shakespeare with Baconian sneers. The picture was a charming one, that much Red Charley seemed to sense although who the gentleman had been in life he had not the least idea.

“Much pettin’ dey’ll get outer dat old iron Geezer,” he said, lighting a cigarette and sitting down upon a bench.

There was a bit of poetry in the soul of Charles the red-haired, for he liked it all without ever knowing why. The air

was soft yet invigorating and "Red" lolled as one who had no cares. A gentleman of leisure he was in very truth. Work and he were strangers, save the work that followed in the wake of a jimmy and a burglar's kit. His face adorned the rogues' gallery and they had his finger-prints, for he had grown up under the tutelage of the slums and he had been an apt pupil. Just now he was enjoying a vacation. He had not been arrested for several months and the park lured him this bright autumnal day.

Automobiles went skimming by and Red Charley wondered how many future victims might be enjoying an outing all unconscious of his proximity.

"Begorra, ef you ain't here under me very nose, and I've been lookin' fer ye all over town!"

And this was the end of a "perfect day."

"Aw, what's eatin' ye, McGarigle. I ain't done nuttin'."

"Come along wit me and don't get fresh or I'll hand ye a crack wit me billy. Come along quiet."

Then Red Charley and the policeman

JOLLY MONOLOGUES

waited at the corner for the patrol, with the usual gallery of gaping onlookers.

The next morning he stood before the Judge and then he remembered. A blustering individual accused him of drawing a gun upon him. Red Charley had quite forgotten the circumstances.

"Yer honor," he said, "it was like dis" (*when he had a chance to speak*) "de dame wot lives in de basement where I was hangin' out den, her kid got scalted wit hot starch an' he wuz yowlin' like a stack of cats wit de pain, see? An' his mudder runs after dis guy wot calls hissef a doctor an' he wouldn't do nuttin' 'less she give him de kale—de mon' in advance, see? An' de kid was screamin' an' de ole lady beggin' 'cause she didn't have no kale, her ol' man havin' skipped out an' her not havin' had a check from Rockybilt lately, and I up an' pulls de gun on dis sawbones an' makes him come across wit de bandages an' fix up de kid's arm for nuttin'. See?"

That was all Red Charley had a chance to say, for he was hustled off to jail and the pompous coward who had disgraced his profession by refusing to help a child in

RED-CHARLEY—ONE CREDIT

pain because his mother had no money, went away satisfied.

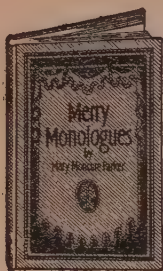
So "Red" sat again behind the bars. He did not feel either bitter or resentful. He was getting used to it and then he was a crook and the majesty of the law must be upheld. But somewhere high above, the recording angel wrote in the great Book of Deeds: "Red Charley—one credit."

8 8 8

FINIS.

Merry Monologues

By MARY MONCURE PARKER



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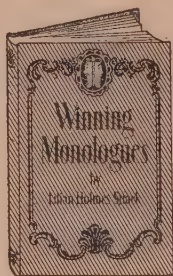
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